



THE SUNDAY WORLD'S
Easter Number
Next Sunday.

DON'T FAIL TO GET IT.

will be splendidly illustrated and full of striking features and have illuminated cover.

PRICE ONE CENT.

Don't Miss The SUNDAY WORLD EASTER NUMBER To-Morrow.

LAST EDITION.

**IRELAND'S
FETE DAY.**

Birthday Anniversary of Her Patron Saint Generally Observed.

THE USUAL MONSTER PARADE.

Celebrations at Jones's Wood and Sulzer's Harlem River Park Day and Night.

CITY'S WEARING OF THE GREEN.

Erin's Flag Fleeted on the City Hall and Many Other Buildings in St. Patrick's Honor.

A CALL TO ERIN'S SONS.

Offspring of Erin who revere Your Motherland always, Meet as the sons of one great sire Upon your patron's day. Thee sons and mountains separate Wherever ye may abide, Nor distance far discards bar, Your hearts and souls divide, Then men may say on Patrick's day, That underneath the sun, The hearts of all the Irish race Do truly throb as one; And be the bane on the old homestead By Shannon, Boyne or Bann, Tho' whoso race his line he trace, Each is an Irishman! And, not alone in name; Whose chiefest head is his country's need, Whose pride is his country's fame.

Children of one fair Motherland!

Do you not count it shame To ever play against yourselves?

The crafty stranger's game?

From your poor land's sad history

The dear bought lesson know,

In union lies it only weak,

To stand only weak.

The valor and wit and loyalty

In other lands you've shown,

Combined at length in matchless strength

Exact now for your own!

And wary not nor rest content,

A man of Irish birth,

Till Ireland takes her place among

The nations of the earth,

And her gallant banner floating free

From mast and spire is seen,

The orange bright, the stainless white,

And the deathless Emerald green;

Fell or fight with mail and might

As each one best he may,

To hasten on the destined dawn

Of Independence day,

Castles not the time nor who

Heaven's instrument may be,

To lead your sore-tried nation forth

From its captivity.

Let each man dare his utmost share

For his dear country's sake,

For eternal power in his own hour,

Her gallant bonds will burst,

May God when midst war's gleam and

A host yield up their souls,

And the red tide of Victory

Again stark Atheon rolls,

A when down-darting eager death

Makes war-tried soldiers quail,

And rain keen as the win balm,

Rives hispan's warship's mail;

If not, forsight, when over the globe

Triumphant roads reigns,

And untried paths at length

A bloodless conquest gains,

When to crowned foot or titled tool

No people bends the knee,

And class and mass are levelled

In true equality,

When long unhonored Truth and Right

Abolish guilt and greed,

And no man clutch'd ponderous wealth,

Nor any is in need,

When in no hand or heart or hand

Is either bought or sold,

As men within their souls prefer

Another god to gold,

And casting from their works and lives

Outward hypocrisy,

All self-styled Christians follow Christ,

Then, Ireland will be free.

J. S. CANTWELL.

The saying, "It always rains on St. Patrick's Day," has gone out of fashion. Dame Nature puts on her "best bib and Tucker" for the celebration of the anniversary of the Irishman's holiday, in the metropolis at least, and bright skies and balmy Spring breezes add to the pleasures of the day.

The dawn broke over the city beautifully today. The sky was as blue as the eyes of a pretty Irish colleen. There was hardly a fleck of clouds and the air was warm and balmy.

The rising sun shone upon a thousand shades of verdant green, each embossed with the golden harp of Erin, floating over as many peaks in the city of New York.

Martin Keese, of the City Hall, in accordance with a time-honored cus-

(Continued on Sixth Page.)

The

EVENING EDITION
BROOKLYN
Circulation Books Open to All.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 17, 1894.

World.

THE WORLD'S

Average Circulation for the First Two Months at \$1.00

433,167

PER DAY

PRICE ONE CENT.

UNCONSCIOUS IN BED.
Gas Turned On in a Couple's Room at the Compton House.

A couple who registered at George Compton and wife, age and residence unknown, were found in an unconscious condition in their room in the Compton House, Twenty-fourth street and Third avenue, this morning.

The gas was turned on full heat in the room, and the police advance the theory that it was an attempt at suicide.

Both man and woman were taken to Bellevue Hospital, still unconscious.

This afternoon the man was identified as Moss Schollard, twenty-six years old, of 231 East Fifty-fifth street, a writer, and the woman as Laura Schollard, eighteen years old, a domestic, of the same number.

At 7:30 this morning for widen hoist the couple left a call the gas in their room was brightly burning. It is believed that it was an attempt at suicide.

Both man and woman were taken to

Bellevue Hospital, still unconscious.

According to reports, Jameson's father, indignant over the conduct of his son, and as the alleged murderer of the leaders, threatened that if his son was convicted, he would tell a story that would send a number of persons to Sing Sing. In other words, that he would go before the police officers, and testify to events which have happened not only in the last election, but for years before, that would prove of a sensational nature.

It is now asserted that Constable Andrew Scott Johnson, whose case is in the center of trial on Monday next, has fled.

Results of a Mob's Celebration in Honor of McKane's Reported Release.

Many Indicted Gravesenders Expected to Sue for Mercy.

The flight of Kenneth P. Sutherland, Coney Island's Police Justice, so far as everyone in Kings County is concerned is accepted as an established fact, and has developed another sensation.

It is now asserted that Constable Andrew Scott Johnson, whose case is in the center of trial on Monday next, has fled.

His Enemies Threatened with Violence and Women and Children Terrorized.

OVERTON'S HOUSE BESIEGED.

Gang Unmolested. Surrounded It for an Hour and Kept Up a Fusillade of Shots.

Residents of Gravesend brought news to Brooklyn this morning of a big mob of men who took possession of Stony Island last night in a hilarious celebration of John V. McKane's expected return from Sing Sing prison.

Up to 10 o'clock this morning the mob kept the inhabitants awake firing guns and pistols and shouting the name of McKane and down the streets.

In Gravesend Beach and around the Town Hall of Gravesend Landing were held scenes similar to those on Coney Island with women and children terrorized.

The story about dimensions of height and strength of the mob is not to be believed, but given to what it is worth. No one who hears it seems to doubt it.

Many other stories were circulated that Jameson himself would be given to what it is worth. No one who hears it seems to doubt it.

It is now asserted that Jameson's father, indignant over the conduct of his son, and as the alleged murderer of the leaders, threatened that if his son was convicted, he would tell a story that would send a number of persons to Sing Sing.

The man was shot. It is not known how serious his injuries are. Troop A, mounted, are proceeding to the camp as rapidly as possible.

Ex-Judge Troy said this afternoon he could not be extraded, as the offense of which he was convicted was not a federal offense, and the District Attorney had no objection.

The story about dimensions of height and strength of the mob is not to be believed, but given to what it is worth. No one who hears it seems to doubt it.

It is now asserted that Jameson's father, indignant over the conduct of his son, and as the alleged murderer of the leaders, threatened that if his son was convicted, he would tell a story that would send a number of persons to Sing Sing.

The warrant for Sutherland's arrest was placed early yesterday afternoon in the hands of Sheriff Sheppard. Sutherland was appointed for the purpose that John V. McKane was to be released from Sing Sing prison by the Warden of the State Prison at Warden Burton.

The story about dimensions of height and strength of the mob is not to be believed, but given to what it is worth. No one who hears it seems to doubt it.

The story about dimensions of height and strength of the mob is not to be believed, but given to what it is worth. No one who hears it seems to doubt it.

The story about dimensions of height and strength of the mob is not to be believed, but given to what it is worth. No one who hears it seems to doubt it.

The story about dimensions of height and strength of the mob is not to be believed, but given to what it is worth. No one who hears it seems to doubt it.

The story about dimensions of height and strength of the mob is not to be believed, but given to what it is worth. No one who hears it seems to doubt it.

The story about dimensions of height and strength of the mob is not to be believed, but given to what it is worth. No one who hears it seems to doubt it.

The story about dimensions of height and strength of the mob is not to be believed, but given to what it is worth. No one who hears it seems to doubt it.

The story about dimensions of height and strength of the mob is not to be believed, but given to what it is worth. No one who hears it seems to doubt it.

The story about dimensions of height and strength of the mob is not to be believed, but given to what it is worth. No one who hears it seems to doubt it.

The story about dimensions of height and strength of the mob is not to be believed, but given to what it is worth. No one who hears it seems to doubt it.

The story about dimensions of height and strength of the mob is not to be believed, but given to what it is worth. No one who hears it seems to doubt it.

The story about dimensions of height and strength of the mob is not to be believed, but given to what it is worth. No one who hears it seems to doubt it.

The story about dimensions of height and strength of the mob is not to be believed, but given to what it is worth. No one who hears it seems to doubt it.

The story about dimensions of height and strength of the mob is not to be believed, but given to what it is worth. No one who hears it seems to doubt it.

The story about dimensions of height and strength of the mob is not to be believed, but given to what it is worth. No one who hears it seems to doubt it.

The story about dimensions of height and strength of the mob is not to be believed, but given to what it is worth. No one who hears it seems to doubt it.

The story about dimensions of height and strength of the mob is not to be believed, but given to what it is worth. No one who hears it seems to doubt it.

The story about dimensions of height and strength of the mob is not to be believed, but given to what it is worth. No one who hears it seems to doubt it.

The story about dimensions of height and strength of the mob is not to be believed, but given to what it is worth. No one who hears it seems to doubt it.

The story about dimensions of height and strength of the mob is not to be believed, but given to what it is worth. No one who hears it seems to doubt it.

The story about dimensions of height and strength of the mob is not to be believed, but given to what it is worth. No one who hears it seems to doubt it.

The story about dimensions of height and strength of the mob is not to be believed, but given to what it is worth. No one who hears it seems to doubt it.

The story about dimensions of height and strength of the mob is not to be believed, but given to what it is worth. No one who hears it seems to doubt it.

The story about dimensions of height and strength of the mob is not to be believed, but given to what it is worth. No one who hears it seems to doubt it.

The story about dimensions of height and strength of the mob is not to be believed, but given to what it is worth. No one who hears it seems to doubt it.

The story about dimensions of height and strength of the mob is not to be believed, but given to what it is worth. No one who hears it seems to doubt it.

The story about dimensions of height and strength of the mob is not to be believed, but given to what it is worth. No one who hears it seems to doubt it.

The story about dimensions of height and strength of the mob is not to be believed, but given to what it is worth. No one who hears it seems to doubt it.

The story about dimensions of height and strength of the mob is not to be believed, but given to what it is worth. No one who hears it seems to doubt it.

The story about dimensions of height and strength of the mob is not to be believed, but given to what it is worth. No one who hears it seems to doubt it.

The story about dimensions of height and strength of the mob is not to be believed, but given to what it is worth. No one who hears it seems to doubt it.

The story about dimensions of height and strength of the mob is not to be believed, but given to what it is worth. No one who hears it seems to